



JACQUES FUTRELLE

right 1984 by The Associated Sunday Maga-

SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rostni, the Italian ambassador, is at dinner with diplomats when a messager summons him to the embassy, where a beautiful young woman asks for a ticket to the embassy ball. The ticket is made out in the name of Miss Isabel Thorne. Chief Campbell of the secret service, and Mr. Grimm, his head detective, are warned that a plot is brewing in Washington, and Grimm goes to the state ball for information. His attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne, who with her companion, disappears. A shot is heard and Senor Alvarez of the Mexican legation, is found wounded. Grimm is assured Miss Thorne did it; he visits her, demanding knowledge of the affair, and arrests Pietro Petrosioni. Miss Thorne visits an old bomb-maker, and they discuss a wonderful experiment. Fifty theusand dollars is stolen from the office of Senor Rodriguez, the minister from Vynesusia, and white detectives are investigating the robbery Miss Thorne appears as a guest of the legation. Grimm accuses her of the theft; the money is restored, but a new mystery occurs in the disappearance of Monsieur Boissegur the French ambassador. Elusive Miss Thorne respectars, bearing a letter which states that the ambassador has been kidpaped and demanding ransom. The ambassador returns and again strangely disappears. Later he is rescued from an old house in the musures. It is discovered that Pietro Petrozioni shot Senor Alvarez and that he is Prince d'Abruxzi. Grimm figures in a mysterious jail delivery. He orders both Miss Thorne and d'Abruxzi to leave the country.

CHAPTER XIX.

By Wireless.

They paused in the office, the three of them, and while Miss Thorne was giving some instructions as to her baggage the prince went over to the telegraph booth and began to write a measage on a blank. Mr. Grimm appeared at his elbow "No," he said.

"Can't I send a telegram if I like?" demanded the prince sharply.

"No, nor a note, nor a letter, n may you speak to any one," Mr. Grimm informed him quietly. "Why, it's an outrage!" flamed the

"It depends altogether on the view point, your Highness," said Mr. Orimm courteously. "If you will par-don me I might suggest that it is needless to attract attention by your present attitude. You may-I say you -compel me to humiliate you The prince glared at him angrily. "I mean handcuff you," Mr. Grimm added

"I shouldn't besitate, your Highness,

After a moment Miss Thorne signified her readiness, and they started At the door Mr. Grimm stopped struck by some sudden thought, leaving them together.

"Oh, Miss Thorne left a message for some one," Mr. Grimm was saying to the clerk. "She's decided it is unnecessary." He turned and glanced toward her, and the clerk's eyes followed his. "Please give it to me."

It was passed over without com-ment. It was a scaled envelope addressed to Mr. Charles Winthrop Rankin. Mr. Grirum glanced at the superscription, tore the envelope into bits and dropped it into a basket. A minute later he was assisting Miss Thorne and the prince into an automobile that was waiting in front. As the car moved away two other automobiles appeared from corners nearby and trailed along behind to the There a private compart-

It was a long, dreary ride-a ride of utter stience save for the roar and clatter of the moving train. Mr. Grimm, vigilant, implacable, sat at ease; Miss Thorne, resigned to the inevitable, whatever it might be, studied the calm, quiet face from beneath drooping lids; and the prince, sullen, acowling, nervously wriggled in bis seat. Philadelphia was passed, and Trenton, and then the dawn begen to break through the night. It was quite light when they rolled into Jersey City.

"I'm sorry for all the inconvenience I bave caused," Mr. Grimm apologized to Miss Thorne as he assisted her to alight. "You must be exhausted.

"If it were only that!" she replied, with a slight smile. "And is it too drly to ask where we are going?"

The prince turned quickly at the

"We take the Lusitania for Liverpool at ten o'clock," said Mr. Grimm obligingly. "Meanwhile let's get some

coffee and a bite to eat." "Are you going to make the trip with us?" asked the prince.

Mr. Grimm shrugged his shoulders. Weary and spiritless they went aboard the boat, and a little while later they steamed out into the stream and threaded their way down the bay. fiss Thorne stood at the rail gazing back upon the city they were leaving. Mr. Grimm stood beside her; the prince, still sullen, still scowling, sat a dozen feet away

e, Mr. Grimm," said Miss Thorne

"Thank you," he said simply. "It was a destructive thing that you intended to do. Did you ever see a more marvelous thing than that?" and he indicated the sky-line of New York. "It's the most marvelous bit of mechanism in the world; the dynamo of the western hemisphere. You would have destroyed it, because in the world-war that would have been the first point of attack."

She raised her eyebrows, but was "Somehow," he went on after a mo-

ment, "I could never associate a woman with destructiveness, with wars and with violence." "That is an unjust way of saying

it," she interposed. And then, musingly: "Isn't it odd that you and —I standing here by the rail—have in a way held the destinies of the whole great earth in our hands? And now your remark makes me feel that you alone have stood for peace and the general good, and I for destruction and evil."

"I didn't mean that," Mr. Grimm said quickly. "You have done your

duty as you saw it, and—"
"Failed!" she interrupted.
"And I have done my duty as I saw

"And won!" she added. She smiled a little sadly. "I think, perhaps you and I might have been excellent friends if it had not been for all this." "I know we should have," said Mr. Grimm, almost eagerly. "I wonder if you will ever forgive me for—for—?" "Forgive you?" she repeated. "There is nothing to forgive. One must do one's duty. But I wish it could have been otherwise."

The Statue of Liberty slid by, and Governor's Island and Fort Hamilton; then, in the distance, Sandy Hook light came into view.

"I'm going to leave you here," said Mr. Grimm, and for the first time there was a tense, strained note in his

Miss Thorne's blue-gray eyes had grown mistily thoughtful; the words startled her a little and she turned

"It may be that you and I shall never meet again," Mr. Grimm went

"We will meet again," she said gravely. "When and where I don't know, but it will come." "And perhaps then we may be friends?" He was pleading now.

"Why, we are friends now, aren't we?" she asked, and again the smile curled her scarlet lips. "Surely we are friends, aren't we?"

"We are," he declared positively. As they started forward a revenue cutter which had been hovering about Sandy Hook put toward them, flying



ing Here by the Rall-Have, in a Way, Held the Destinies of the Whole Great Earth in Our Hands."

ome signal at her masthead. Slowly the great boat on which they stood crept along, then the clang of a bell in the engine-room brought her to a standstill, and the revenue cutter came alongside

"I leave you here," Mr. Grimm said

gain. "It's good-by."
"Good-by," she said softly. "Good-

by, till we meet once more. She extended both hands impulsive ly and he stood for an instant staring nto the limpid gray eyes, then, turning, went below. From the revenue cutter he waved a hand at her as the great Lusitania, moving again, sped on her way. The prince joined Miss Thorne at the rail. The scowl was

still on his face. "And now what?" he demanded abruptly. "This man has treated us as if we were a pair of children."

"He's a wonderful man," she re-

"That may be but we have been ools to allow him to do all this. Miss Thorne turned flatly and faced

"We are not beaten yet," she said slowly. "If all things go well we we are not beaten yet."

The Lusitania was rounding Monauk Point when the wireless brought er to half-speed with a curt message: "Isabel Thorne and Pietro Petro zinni aboard Lusitania wanted on war-

rants charging conspiracy. Tug-boat will take them off, intercepting you beyond Montauk Point. "CAMPBELL, Secret Service."

prince, bewildered. "It means that the compact will be signed in Washington in spite of Mr. Grimm," and there was the glitter of triumph in her eyes. "With the aid of one of the maids in the depot at Jersey City I managed to get a telegram of explanation and instruction to De

"What does that mean?" asked the

"This is a wonderful thing you have suit. He signed Mr. Campbell's game

An hour later a tug-boat came along side, and they went abourd.

CHAPTER XX.

The Light in the Dome. From where he sat, in a tiny alupon the line of the sidewalk, Mr Grimm looked down on Pennsylvanis Avenue, the central thread of Washington, ever changing, always brilliant splashed at regular intervals with light from high-flung electric arcs. The early theater crowd was in the street; well dressed, well fed, careless for the moment of all things save physical comfort and amusement; automobiles, carriages, cabs, cars flowed past endlessly; and yet Mr. Grimm saw naught of it. In the distance, at one end of the avenue the dome of the capital cleft the shadows of night, and a single light sparkled at its apex; in the other direction, at the left of the treasury building which abruptly blocks the wide thoroughfare, were the shimmering windows of the White

Motionless, meedy, thoughtful, Mr. Grimm sat staring, staring straight ahead, comprehending none of these things which lay before him as in . panorama. Instead, his memory was conjuring up a pair of subtle, blue gray eyes, now pleading, now coquettish, now frankly defiant; two slim. white, wonderful hands; the echo of a pleasant, throaty laugh; a splendid, elusive, radiant-haired phantom. Truly, a woman of mystery! Who was past, had been the storm-center and directing mind of a vast international intrigue which threstened the world war? Who, this remarkable young woman who with ease and assurance commanded embassadors and played nations as pawns?

Now that she was eafely out of the country Mr. Grimm had leisure to speculate. Upon him had devolved the duty of blocking her plans, and he had done so-merciless alike of his own feelings and of hers. Hesitation or evasion had never occurred to him. It was a thing to be done, and he did it. He wondered if she had understood, there at the last beside the rail? He wondered if she knew the struggle it had cost him deliberately

to send her out of his life? Or had even surmised that her expulsion from the country, by his direct act, was wholly lacking in the exartation of triumph to him; that it struck deeper than that, below the Estiess, official exterior, into his personal happiness? And wondering, he knew that she did understand. A silent shod waiter came and

placed the coffee things at his elbow. He didn't heed. The waiter poured a demi-tasse, and inquiringly lifted lump of sugar in the silver tongs. Still Mr. Grimm didn't heed. At last the waiter deposited the sugar on the edge of the fragile saucer, and moved away as silently as he had come. newspaper which Mr. Grimm had placed on the end of the table when he sat down, rattled a little as a breeze from the open window caught to the floor. Mr. Grimm was still staring out of the window. Slowly the room behind him was

thinning of its crowd as the theaterbound diners went out in twos and living for almost seventy years. finally, and save for Mr. Grimm there were not more than a dozen persons left in the place. Thus for a few minutes, and then the swinging doors leading from the street clicked, and a gentleman entered. He gianced around, as if seeking a seat near a window, then moved along in Mr. Grimm's direction, between the rows of tables. His gaze lingered on Mr. Grimm for an instant, and when he came opposite he stooped and picked up the fallen newspaper sheet. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FINE CHANCE FOR INVENTORS

Urgent Demand for Telephone Booth Sliding Door That Will Really Slide.

Inventors are requested by suffering New Yorkers to exercise their ingenu ity on a telephone booth sliding door that will really slide. Heading the pe tition is the name of a woman who had a curious experience in a drug store

"There are two booths in that store side by side," she said. "They are about as big as match boxes and are open at the top so when there is a iull in street noises the conversation in each can be heard in the other. One day when listening to a long and interesting communication from the friend I had called up, I heard a man in the adjoining box ask for the num ber of our own telephone up town. Presently he said: "Can't you get them, Central?" If course Central couldn't get us, for I learned afterward that not even the maid was home, se

he rang off and left the booth. "I was most anxious to detain him and learn his message. I insulted my friend for life by saying: "I can't lis-ten to any more now,' but might just as well have let her finish, for I couldn't get out of that booth. I pull ed and tugged at the door, but wouldn't budge. Finally a drug clork let me out, but the man had got away by that time and I don't know to this day who he was or what he wanted to tell us. Imagine having to go through life with a mystery like that unsolved The telephone company cannot equip their 'booths with movable doors too soon, I think."

Egypt's land is for the most part 41 vided up into small holdings of tree Foe in New York, and this is the re- baif an acre to five acrea.

Daniel in the Lion's Den

eday School Lesson for Sept. 24, 1911 Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT-Daniel 6.

MEMORY VERSES—21-21.
GOLDEN TEXT—The angel of the
Lord encampeth round about them that
fear him and delivereth them."—Pra. 34.7.
TIME—Probably B. C. 533, very near
the close of the seventy years' captivity,
soon after Cyrus had conquered Babylen
in B. C. 539.

PLACE-Probably in Babylon, as is hown by the close connection of Daniel and 6.

F and 6.

PERSONS—Daniel was probably 80 years old; as this event was 65 years after his going to Babyion, in 604, and he must have been at least 14 years old at that

Cyrus the Persian had just conquered the Babylonians.

Darius the Mede, a viceroy of Cyrus, temporary king of the new province, but not in the line of emperor kings.

In our last lesson we stood by the golden image on the plains near Babyon. We saw the crowds bowing down before it while the heroic three stood up alone. We saw them cast into the flery furnace and wonderfully delivered. This was just after the destruction of Jerusalem and greatest

Babylon. They had reached Babylon. They were in the flery furnace of af-At this point the three Jews, Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego, were preaching a sermon to the captives, heard all over the empire-"Be true to your God, and your religion at any

deportation of exiles and treasures to

cost; yield to no seductions of idolatry, and God will deliver you from your burning flery furnace, as he has delivered us." It was preached at the psychological moment.

It was heard by the Jews in Palestine four centuries later when they were persecuted by Antiochus; but it was needed even more by the exiles in Babylon; and would be worth an hundred times more to the Jews in the fires of Antiochus, because it was true in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, and was lived out by the deliverance of these captives a few years later.

The end of the exile was drawing nigh, as foretold by Jeremiah. The seventy years had nearly clapsed. The king who was to bring their deliverance was on the throne. The captives scattered all over the empire needed to know this and to be prepared. They had felt the horrors of the wars and rumors of wars, they had seen as it were the stars falling from the political sky, as Babylon and Nebuchadnezzar. They needed to know that the time of their redemption was drawing nigh, and to be prepared for it.

Here comes in the event of our lesson. Darius, Cyrus, Daniel, known all over the empire, were to present a reevery corner of the realm. Multitudes of the exiles must have suffered for their religion, and they might feel that God was not their friend and helper if Daniel's experience always resulted favorably while theirs did not. And it, then the top sheet slid off and fell they needed a visible object lesson of the delivering power of God to encourage their hope and faith for the deliverance of their nation from the "den of Hons" in which they had been

eighty and ninety years old at this time. He had had many trials of his character and faithfulness. He was an exile from home and native land, among enemies to his race and to his God. His native land was desolate, his relatives scattered; his people were exiles amid many difficulties that must have tested their faith to the utmost. But on the whole Daniel had been eminently successful, as he was worthy of success. He had maintained his high character. His course had been one of almost unbroken prosperity. The severe trials to which he had been subjected had hitherto resulted only in raising him to higher honors

Under Darius, Daniel was recognized as a man of great ability and integrity, and one who could be trusted implicitly. Accordingly, he made him one of the three presidents over the 120 governors of as many provinces vided. It was not long before the other officers determined that in some way or other, by fair means or foul, they would get rid of Daniel.

They brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. This was according to the Oriental custom on the evening of the same day. The story of the den of lions is strictly in keep ing with Babylonian usages. Assurbanipal says in his annals, "The rest of the people I threw alive into the midst of the bulls and lions, as Sennacherib, my grandfather, used to do." Daniel from the den of lions said, "My God hath sent his angel." He does not say whether the angel was visible or not. The winds and the lightning are God's angels according to the psalmist. But it is probable that he was visible to Daniel, as a manifest token of the favor and protection of God.

Daniel declares that he had be faithful to God and hence God had seen fit to deliver him. It was God's endorsement of his character. His faithfulness would have shown God's power and commended him to men, even if Daniel had died as a martyr. But the deliverance was an open declaration that God was on Daniel's side. Daniel had been as true to his king as he had been to his God. Faithfulness to God made him faithful to man There are faithful Daniels in every town, crucified on unseen crosses, burned with invisible flames, shut up in spiritual dens of lions.

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If Mrs. Jones buys her coffee at Smith's each week-

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We'll catch her eye by making your ad. attractive. Then all that is left for you to do is to take in the money for the coffee Mrs. Jones buys

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Puzzle-

Find the Man

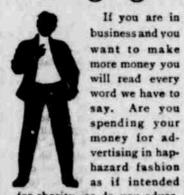
Every man and woman is anxious to buy some article-necessity or luxury every day of his or her life. Single handed it would take you months to seek out those interested

in your line of business. An advertisement in this paper does the work instantaneously.

It corrals the purchaser—brings him to your store—makes him buy things you advertised.

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Enlarging Your Business



will read every word we have to sav. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

business and you

more money you

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of busiper cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

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> The Right Kind of Reading Matter